

On a Dragon's Wings

by lazywriter123

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Summary: Stoic made a deal with a dragon long ago to save Hiccup's life, for a price. What does this mythical dragon want, and how will the deal affect the village of Berk, the Vikings, Hiccup, and his best friend Toothless? Note: alot of OOC and orginal characters. Please review and let me know if you like the story!

1. Chapter 1

I don't own How to Train your Dragon or anything affiliated with it

****Hello everyone, it has been quite a while since my last update of any of my stories or posting any new ones. My life is extremely crazy right now but recently I saw the movie "How to train your dragon", mostly for no reason, I really liked the plot but I also really liked Hiccup's character. He's a very smart, awkward, but brave in his own way and I find his character interesting to develop into a lot of different story plots. ****

****So after seeing the movie, I had an idea to an alternative ending to the movie and a shift from the original plot. I hope you guys like it.****

****Note: there might be some OOC behavior and some original characters. This is my own plot so it will not follow the exact story line, I did get some inspiration from the "The Elder Scrolls: Skyrim" video game (Don't own). ****

Enjoy

It was during an icy, cold night that Hiccup was born, and that same night he almost died.

His mother and father were in shock after the healer and midwives said that their newborn baby was too weak to live long and that he

has very little chance of surviving the winter. The new mother wept in the arms of her husband who looked shell-shocked to say the least.

However, the father refused to let his son perish. So he did something that no Viking in over three hundred years has done. He went to seek help from the dragons. In the old tales, it is said that if a powerful dragon finds the mortal worthy enough, it will grant him a favor but at a price.

However, the desperate father was too blinded by fear for his son, to truly understand the consequences of making such a bargain.

It was during an equally cold day that the father traveled to the only known place that such a dragon would be. A small rocky island not too far from his homeland and the village of Berk. The island had jagged peaks and endless walls of rock all around that made it look almost like an invincible fortress.

It was only a two day travel by either by luck or maybe an unknown force allowed him a safe and quick journey to the island.

He ventured onto the shores and traveled deep into the rocky island, not even knowing if he journey would be with the effort.

Soon, he found himself at the very top of the island, a large peak that had a view for miles of the ocean and all the small islands that spotted around it.

Suddenly, the father heard a large sound, and the wind soon turned into a large gale for only a few moments until it ceased.

It was there that he was staring into the face of the largest and more majestic dragon he had ever seen. The dragon looked powerful but had shimmering scales that made beams of light reflect off of them, it made the father's eyes hurt just from looking too long.

"You have come to save your son, is that correct" said a powerful voice though the dragon's mouth did not move.

He spoke, "Yes, my newborn son Hiccup has been born too weak to survive; please will you save my child from the cold hand of death?"

The dragon was silent but for only a moment, "I can save him, but a dragon's favor always has a price, are you willing to risk it?"

The man didn't even think twice, of course he would save his son for any price.

"Name it dragon; my son is worth more than anything in this world. What would you ask of me?"

Though he wasn't sure, he could have sworn that the dragon was smiling, "Then all I ask is that on his 13th birthday you bring him to his island so I can celebrate his birthday with him and the family."

The chief blinked, there has to be more to it than that. "That's all you want, just to celebrate my son's 13th birthday?"

"Of course, I have never seen a mortal's birthday party and I would like to give a gift too, to commemorate such an important day in his future. This price cannot be too much for you and your son's life is it now?"

He couldn't believe it, he thought perhaps that the price would be something far worse, he was relieved that he could save his son's life without too much to risk in return.

"However, chief, he warned. If you forget our agreement, the penalty will be far worse than you can possibly imagine, so make sure to remember."

He nodded and the Viking bellowed, "So we have a deal dragon?"

The beast nodded, "Yes we have a deal, and your son will live."

As he left the island, the dragon looked on as the boat left with its large, red eyes. What the poor Viking chief didn't know about these dragons that can strike deals, is that they know all that is to come in the future and this arrangement will be much more than a simple task.

But for now, the dragon still had a long wait. So he flew off far away from the island to find his supper for the evening.

****PLEASE REVIEW****

2. Chapter 2

I don't own the movie "How to train your dragon" or anything affiliated with it.

****Sorry for the long wait, real life gets in the way a lot, and I've basically had to forgo sleep to keep up with it. ****

****Like I said before, some characters like Hiccup will be a little OOC. ****

Enjoy

****12 and half years later****

Hiccup ran through the trees and over small creeks to his favorite hiding spot in the forest, a small cove with a sparkling lake. He sat on a large rock and basked in the warm sunshine.

He loved being in the forest, away from his village, away from people who he didn't understand as much as they didn't understand him.

He didn't know when he started to feel like an outsider in his village, but he knew it started when he was very young and when he started to show that he was much different than the rest of the Vikings.

When Hiccup was a toddler, his mother died one winter from a terrible fever. His father had never recovered from the loss. As time passed, Hiccup didn't grow big and strong like the other children did. He was

more thin but agile. It wasn't long before people noticed his skills was not in brutal combat like all Vikings but in the power of the mind as well as creating new weapons in the forge he worked in with Gober, the village blacksmith. However the power of intellect was regarded with little respect among the villagers. Only a few saw it as a true asset like the village elder who would tell him that his mind was his greatest gift and not to waste it.

Then one day, Hiccup's true talent was realized. A dragon attack came out of nowhere when the Vikings were at their least prepared moment. Some lost their lives in that battle. Yet during the raid, one of the kids, a girl named Astrid was being chased by a nightmare that had her cornered and managed to rip her axe out of her hand.

At that moment, Hiccup didn't even think when he picked up a long bow and arrow quiver with iron-tipped arrows. Hiccup shot one quicker than any archer has ever seen. The arrow strike right into the dragon's heart and it died instantly. The villagers praised Hiccup after that fight and his father immediately had him start training to be an expert bowman. Hiccup was only seven years old when that battle occurred.

After many years of training, he was a master hunter, marksmen and thanks to his blacksmithing skills managed to craft some of the finest bows that the Vikings have ever seen. The villagers and his father were proud of their future chief for a while.

It soon became apparent, that Hiccup was in no way a traditional warrior, he wasn't strong enough to wield axes or large swords, so the respect from the village soon diminished. They didn't want their future chief to be some hunter; they wanted a true warrior like his father was. Also, Hiccup began to notice his rather, unusual abilities.

One day in the forest, he was stalking a deer that was grazing. He was hidden in the brush as he quietly drew his bow and armed his arrow ready to fire once the deer was in striking range. However, the deer spotted him and was about to run when Hiccup shot up to try and fire before the deer ran off. The moment he opened his mouth a great gust of power flowed through him and then the forest became still and all around him was quiet. The deer was like a statue; it couldn't move or make a sound. At first, Hiccup had no idea what happened, then he noticed that everything wasn't stone frozen but moving extremely slow. He walked up to the deer and he saw it was moving like it was trying to run. It was moments later that whatever spell or power that captured the deer was broken and the creature fled in terror.

Hiccup stood in the clearing, unable to comprehend what happened. Even someone as smart as him knew that what just happened wasn't even remotely possible. Time just doesn't stop!

Since that day, Hiccup spent a great deal of time away from the village and soon discovered that he could do so much more. It was as if the gods granted him their power to use for his own but he couldn't understand why.

So Hiccup was once again alone in the forest, relaxing and thinking of what to do until night fell. Though he still worked at the blacksmith, the last few weeks have been quiet so there was no need

for new weapons or tune-ups yet and everyone was enjoying the peace for once.

Then he felt a presence not too far off from where he was laying. He got up and grabbed his dagger and bow in case the being wasn't friendly.

It was then that he saw one of the Viking kids, the girl Astrid, she was already famous for her fighting prowess and many claimed that she would be a champion once she reaches age.

Looks like she found Hiccup's hiding spot.

"Hey, thank the gods I finally found you" she said exasperated.

Hiccup put away his weapons and stared at her with uninterested eyes.

"What do you want?"

"The chief wants to let all the young Vikings know that dragon training will become mandatory as of tomorrow, a lot of the Vikings are leaving to find some dragon nests to destroy."

Hiccup sighed, he knew this was coming. Hiccup's father had been hinting at it for a while now.

"When does training begin to tomorrow?"

"At the crack of dawn."

Hiccup sighed again, "As if I have a choice but if it's for our safety."

Astrid snorted "As if you can lift a sword."

Hiccup pushed past her, he hardly talked to her after saving her life years ago and he found her presence more and more annoying each moment he was near her.

So much for it being a good day.

#####

Hiccup closed the front door of his house to find his father waiting for him.

"Hey dad" he said quietly. Since his mother died, they hardly communicated.

"€|Son, I need to tell you something important."

Hiccup walked up to his father that was sitting at the large table in their small living area.

"Yeah?"

"Your 13th birthday, it's only a few months away correct?"

Hiccup looked surprised, what did his birthday have to do with anything?

"Yes, during the winterâ€|why?"

His father sighed, he looked ratherâ€|.. concerned.

"I have a task for you to do around that time."

PLEASE REVIEW

3. Chapter 3

I don't own How to Train your dragon or anything affiliated with it

****AN:** I am deeply sorry for the long delay of updating this story or any of my other stories, my life has become increasingly busy and writing for leisure like I used to do for Fan fiction has been extremely hard in finding time as well as inspiration. ******

****So,** for any of my stories that you would like to see finished or at least updated soon, can you guys send me what you would like to be updated right away and also maybe give me some inspiration like ideas or maybe plot choices, I really don't know but I think it might help. Thank you for your patience and for taking the time to read my stories.******

****I wish you all well.****

Enjoy

****Several days before Hiccup's Birthday-****

No one except Gobe would bid Hiccup a good farewell as he got a small boat ready for his journey to the island his father spoke of.

Apparently it was some strange tradition to go to this place around their coming-of-age birthday or some other nonsense.

'But then again', as Hiccup thought, 'What else is there to do on my birthday that no one really cares about'? His father left over two months ago to find more Dragon nests and hardly any of the villagers tolerated him. With the exception of Gobe and the village elder.

Gobe got him a brand-new smithing hammer and decided that Hiccup was no longer to be called an apprentice blacksmith, now he was a full blacksmith. All Hiccup's hard work and amazing creations of weapons, as well as inventions have proven to Gobe that Hiccup could be his own smith. Hiccup was in tears after Gobe told him this and his once-teacher couldn't be more proud of him.

If only his father could be proud of him tooâ€|..

The village elder gave him a new cloak to wear on his journey. It was

made of a fine fabric and had markings on it that displayed a powerful dragon on the back.

When Hiccup asked why there was an image of a dragon on it, the elder only smiled.

His small boat had food for the journey and fresh water, his weapons including his favorite bow and several bundles of his arrows that he handcrafted as well as his curved dagger that was his first masterpiece he made with intricate designs and a fitted handle that was ideal for his grip, some changes of clothes and finally some navigation tools to guide him to island that was only a few days away.

As his boat started to sail away when he hoisted the sail, he waved goodbye to Gobeil and to his surprise, some of the Vikings nearby waved for a moment then looked away to get back to their work.

#####

Several days passed.

His voyage was quiet as he gazed out to the endless sea; the water for the most part was calm. He was far away enough from the shores of his homeland where he could no longer see it or any land for that matter.

Sadly there was no wind, so he had to paddle the boat using a large oar, but eventually it started to hurt his arms and tire him out. He had little choice but to wait for some wind.

He lay down on the boat and looked up at the clear blue sky, it wasn't long before his eyes started to drift close and he fell asleep soundly as the boat started to drift.

He didn't expect to dream.

A large battlefield of fire and terrible screams.

In his mind he saw his father trying to lead his people to safety but it was too late as the boats that would have left them escape had been burned away.

_A dragon that was encased in shadow and fire rose up with large teeth and wings so large it blocked out the sun itself. _

In the shadows on the cliffs above the battle, was a figure in the mist of the mountainous terrain.

In his hand was an orb that was bright blue and had spots of purple.

_He had one eye that was red and the other green as he smiled with teeth that looked sharper than any normal man's should. _

_He raised the orb above him and lightning struck the orb again and again. _

_As the dragon slaughtered the poor Vikings and his father he saw

something that made his heart drop._

_He saw himself, his eyes were totally black and almost his entire body, except for his face, was covered in scales. _

He had large claws that could rival that of a grizzly bear and his teeth, bloody and sharp.

_He looked up and the shadowed figure spoke in a language that hiccup didn't understand but his monstrous self seemed to know whatever the person was saying. _

_The Hiccup in his dream raised his hand and the large dragon stopped his rampageâ€|. _

Hiccup woke up to the loud squawks of the seagulls that flew around the boat.

Hiccup breathed heavily and felt sweat on his browâ€|that dreamâ€|nightmareâ€|or perhaps vision, still sent shivers down his spine.

Hiccup got himself up and grunted to himself, "It was some stupid dream, nothing more."

It was then he noticed a large island not too far off in the distance.

After consulting his navigation and the details his father provided him of the island, he realized that this was the place.

Quickly he put the sail back up and a large gust of wind caught the sail and he practically flew across the water straight to the island.

It wasn't too hard for him to push his boat onto the sandy shore. He armed himself with his dagger and bow. He also took his map with him and finally some rationed food just in case.

After making sure his boat was safe and all his supplies was tied down, he vented to the part of the island his father told him to find. A large cliff at the top of the island.

#####

It was sundown, when Hiccup found the place his father was looking forâ€|there was nothing there.

"Of course there would be nothing here; it's just some deserted islandâ€|why did dad want me to come here so bad?"

As the sun set he sat on the rock, the sky looked so beautiful.

"Some birthday, sitting alone on a cliffâ€|maybe my dad is trying to say that I'm no longer welcome at the village cause I'm not some great warriorâ€|I can't help it if I'm not beefy like those block-heads that swing axes all day long."

As the moon rose, Hiccup sighed, "Well, I guess I'll make a fire and stay here for the night, the cave over there looks safe enough."

For a while, Hiccup ate some food and drew pictures in his journal that he brought with him.

He looked at the sky outside of his cave; the moon was just about up to the center.

"Once that moon is at the top, it will be my birthdayâ€|."

Hiccup sighed again and decided it was best to get some sleep and figure out what to do in the morning.

He soon fell asleep, wrapped in the warm cloak the village elder gave him.

It wasn't long until a large, winged creature appeared and looked into the cave.

"Hello, little Hiccup and happy birthday."

PLEASE REVIEW

4. Chapter 4

I don't own "How to Train your Dragon" or anything affiliated with it.

Just a heads up after this update, I will unable to update for a few weeks, I wanted to post at least one more chapter. I'll see you all soon and I hope you like the story.

Enjoy

As Hiccup opened his eyes slowly, he felt something warm against his body. He stretched his arms out and yawned loudly as the sleepiness from eyes melted away and clarity returned to his sight.

Then he felt the warmth move from under him and he quickly got up and reached for his daggerâ€|but it was missing from its holster on his waist.

"Are you looking for this" Hiccup heard behind him, the voice was deep and foreboding but had a sense of age and wisdom behind it, like the being that spoke was one of those elderly warriors who told stories of many adventures they had in their youth.

Hiccup turned slowly to face whoever was in the cave with him and gasped when he saw the largest dragon he had ever seen, and yet also the most beautiful.

The dragon was enormous; its head nearly touched the ceiling of the already tall cave. The scales were silver and white that shimmered in the light of the fire. Its head had two large red and yellow eyes and patterns of scales encircled them, making them look larger. It had massive jaws with lines of teeth that could cut through rock if it felt like it.

The wings were the most impressive thing yet, they were shimmering many colors like blue, red and violet when the light hit it just right.

It wasn't long till Hiccup noticed his dagger was hanging in the dragon's silvery claws, it even seemed like the dragon was looking at him in amusement.

Hiccup swallowed and took in a breath, "May I have my dagger back please?"

The dragon cocked its head at him, "Of course, if you promise not to try to attack me."

Hiccup scowled, "How do I know you won't hurt me though?"

The dragon chuckled, "If I really wanted to gut you and eat you, I would have already done so and not have let you sleep on my tail."

Hiccup looked back and saw that he had been sleeping on his large shimmery tail—but why?

Don't all dragons just attack first and ask questions later—do dragons even ask questions?

This one seemed to be extremely intelligent, even more so they most of his village and the way it spoke, was practically human.

"Alright then, I won't do anything" sighed Hiccup. The dragon gently placed the dagger in his hand and he put it back in the hostler.

"Who are you?"

"I don't have a name, no dragon has names like humans do, I am called the elder by some of my kin but I have no real name."

"Alright then—well I'm Hiccup from the village of Burk."

"I know who you are, you're the reason I'm here."

Hiccup blinked in surprise, "I don't understand—."

"Your father made a deal with me long ago when you were born, you were dying you see and he asked if I could cure you—which I did since you are still among the living—all I asked in return was to see you on your thirteenth birthday. Since your here, your father has returned the bargain and I have a lot to tell you."

Hiccup was shocked, his father made a deal with a dragon?! Such a thing was unheard of among Vikings, in fact the village could have had him exiled or even killed for even suggesting asking a dragon for help even to save his own son's life. Yet his father risked his life and his reputation for him.

For the first time, in a long time Hiccup felt great love for his father; that he truly cared in his own way—but what of now?

In his eyes he's is a disgrace. A stain on his father's great name as

a Chief and a warrior.

He wondered if his father expected the dragon to eat him when he came hereâ€|maybe that's why he never even told him that he would be meeting a dragon when he got to the island.

But could his father be that cruel?

"I was expecting your whole family to be here, I did ask for your parents to come for your birthday after all?"

Hiccup sighed, "My mother died years ago and my father is out findingâ€|well dragon nestsâ€|I'm sure you know how hostile it is between Vikings and dragons?"

The creature nodded, "I know it very wellâ€|funny how one saved his only son yet he still hates us."

"â€|How did you save me?"

"There is something you must understand Hiccup. One must be seen worthy in order to seek help from a dragon; it was not your father that was worthy. It was and still is you who are worthy."

The dragon gestured his head to have Hiccup sit beside him as the dragon spoke.

"When I was a young dragon, it was around five hundred years agoâ€|back then dragons and mankind were at peace. However, something happened that tore that friendship apart."

"What happened" asked Hiccup.

"A being like no other appeared out of nowhere. No name and was always shrouded in darkness. One eye green and the other redâ€|that's all I remember about that creature and that's all anyone has ever seen of it."

Hiccup suddenly remembered his dreamâ€|

one eye that was red and the other green as he smiled with teeth that looked sharper than any normal man's shouldâ€|.

That couldn't be a coincidence.

"I still don't know how or why but the figure somehow pitted the humans against us and had an entire clan of young dragons slaughtered like cattle."

Hiccup felt so guilty, he was also guilty of killing a dragon long ago with an arrow to its head.

"I never found out why it happened but since then, the world has changed so much. The dragons have lived in fear and some have left these shores entirely to find a safer home."

"â€|can something be doneâ€|" asked Hiccup in a soft voice.

The dragon looked up him, "Therein lies the reason why I saved you and why you are worthy. You have the gift intelligence and kindness

that hardly any man possesses, especially the Vikings. However and more importantly, you have the gift of magic—something that humans have long since forgotten."

"Magic—I thought stuff like that was a myth?"

"Oh no, it's very, very real; also quite powerful too."

Hiccup remembered how in the forest strange things would happen like slowing time that one time while hunting.

"So you saved me because I have magic?"

"Partially yes and you have talents that have been lost as the war between dragons and man went on."

The dragon looked at Hiccup. "I want to be your mentor Hiccup, which is why you're here. I wish to teach you the magic that has been lost and perhaps with you, peace can be restored—."

"I saved you using an old spell—."

"What kind of spell" asked Hiccup.

"The thing is Hiccup—you are technically dead—."

PLEASE REVIEW

5. Chapter 5

I don't own "How to train your dragon" or anything affiliated with it

Enjoy

Hiccup stood up in shock and terror from what the dragon told him.

He was dead?! How was that possible, he was still breathing and standing, that just couldn't be!

"Calm down Hiccup and let me explain" growled the dragon when hiccup started to panic and hyperventilate.

The dragon plucked Hiccup from his spot and placed him on its tail, "Just breath."

Hiccup took long breaths until he finally calmed down and let the dragon continue.

"You see...you were meant to die that night, your body wasn't strong enough so your soul was to be sent to lands beyond the mortal realm. The spell I used...is a complicated one."

The dragon sighed, "There was once a dragon, a lot like you...different and alone despite being among its kind, a nightfury that spent more time away from the dragon nests, soaring and hunting on its own."

Hiccup looked up the dragon and noticed its eyes depicted sadness and grief.

"Then around the time you were born, that dragon was attacked by another village, it nearly lost its life, I was fortunate enough to have been nearby when it happened."

flashback

_The cool night air reeked of the smell of blood as the elder dragon swooped down to find its source, he knew it was dragon blood. _

It was then he noticed the small black dragon bellow, in a clearing not too far from a human village.

The Elder quickly landed beside it, "What happened" he cried, "Why are you so foolish enough to be near the humans?"

_The young nightfury opened its eyes and tried its best to speak but its voice was gone as well its strength to move. _

"I can save you, but you will have to leave your body behind...do you want that or to let you die right now?"

The nightfury nodded, "Please...he...lp...me..."

The elder dragon nodded and with some ancient words, he slowly took the dragon's soul into its claw and held it as it flickered and vibrated with power and potential.

'This dragon was strong' the dragon thought.

It was then he heard the humans; they were coming!

_Quickly the Elder fled and the lifeless body of the nightfury suddenly crumbled away like sand when its hit by the ocean until there was nothing left. _

End Flashback

"When your father called me and asked me to save you, that soul I had...I knew it would be the one that would keep your body alive."

"...So I'm not Hiccup...I'm that dragon...is that what you saved?

"Yes, Hiccup died long ago, I knew that I would never be able to save his soul, but you...the nightfury could survive. Think about it...why are you so different from the others? your intellect, your mastery of hunting, and your cold demeanor towards the humans, you are dragon in many ways."

Hiccup looked down at his hands and he never felt so foreign to his own body.

All this time, this human body he had was a secondary skin, hiding who and what he truly was.

It was so surreal that it made his head spin, yet if it was

true...then he would never be a proper Viking and he would never belong to his village or his people.

"Is that why I have magic, because I have the soul of the dragon?"

The dragon nodded, "The magic we dragon's have flows through us and its why we prevail despite the humans who constantly attempt to destroy us."

The dragon looked directly into Hiccup's eyes, "I can teach you everything about magic Hiccup...those humans, forgot about them, you are so much more then they can ever be. Become what you are meant to be and find the potential I know you have."

Hiccup sat on the dragon's tail, he stared at the dragon for a few moments then looked away.

Sure he would love to learn about magic and being a dragon...and yet...what about his home.

Gobber and the village elder...but at what cost; to be humiliated and cast out by the village because he's not some overly buff block head like the other kids are?

Then there was his father...his father that didn't give a damn about him and only cared about the "Chief's son". That he has to fill some role that he couldn't fill. His father never wanted him for who he is...and why should he bother to try and please the man if it was impossible to begin with?

He felt rage, knowing that no matter what, he would always be seen as a waste in the eyes of the village...would they think that if they knew what he could do? That he has powers beyond humans and that deep down, he was a dragon down to his very soul.

Why should he bother trying to impress people that don't care about it?

It was so heartbreaking to know that the only being that saw him as someone who could do something was a dragon that supposed to be his enemy. He felt so weary thinking about the irony and depressing of the situation.

"How can I learn" Hiccup asked quietly.

The dragon gave him a toothy grin, "Here is what you need to do..."

#

_A figure...covered in rolling shadow flowed through the trees and brush. It was a faint cloud of darkness...still weak but also present. _

Its eyes one green and one red looked upon the village of Berk at the bottom of the cliff he was standing on. Yet he didn't feel the presence of the dragon soul he was searching for.

_No matter...he can wait. _

PLEASE REVIEW

6. Chapter 6

****I don't own "How to Train your Dragon" or anything affiliated with it.****

Thank you for all the reviews and favorites, I'm honestly really surprised about the amount of feedback I'm getting from you guys. Thanks again and hope you like this chapter.

****Enjoy****

Gobber hammered the sword to the correct thickness and then placed it in the barrel of water to cool off. He then got some leather and fitted it around the handle after the steel turned cold. He checked the blade for any defects before places it in a large box that had many other swords that he made over the last few days.

Making weapons was the only thing he could do to stop thinking about Hiccup. It's been over two three months since he went off to wherever his father sent him off too...and no one has seen Hiccup return and there was no word of him for days.

He already told some Vikings that were going to join the band of men that were hunting dragons with Stoic, to tell him that his son had yet to return...and that was one month ago.

The anxiety and dreaded thoughts of Hiccup possibly being dead, had caused Gobber to have too many sleepless nights. It started to show as the bags under his eyes grew.

Despite his depression, everyone else was perfectly merry. He already expressed his worry to many of the villagers and Vikings of Hiccup being gone so long...but no one really seemed to care.

He felt such anger knowing how shallow and cruel the village of Berk truly was. They were so willing and able to cast out a young child just because he didn't measure up in their eyes. It made him sick and only despise them even more as weeks passed.

It was finally, after another month of waiting, Stoic returned.

Gobber was waiting for him at the dock as Stoic ordered to have their ships repaired and the wounded to be taken to the healers.

When Stoic saw Gobber, his face showed no emotion...yet his eyes told a different story.

"Have you heard anything of Hiccup" Stoic finally asked.

Gobber shook his head, "No...but took you long enough to come back and give a damn."

The two men eyes each other, both looking at each other with discontent and angry that there were just barely able to contain.

"So you finally going to take an interest in your son...for all we know he's already dead and you have done nothing" spat Gobber.

"Well I don't see you doing anything either" bellowed Stoic.

"As if I can sale or fight on my own anymore...look at him I have lost more limbs then I can count...and my body has become weakened greatly because of it. Why do you think I don't go to battle anymore. Meanwhile you still have your arms and legs intact and you haven't cared about Hiccup for years."

"That's enough Gobber!"

"You haven't cared about anything since Valhallarama died!"

Everyone got really quiet the moment Gobber shouted those words...no one has spoken of Stoic's wife since she passed away long ago.

It took seconds for the enraged chief to grab Gobber by the throat and hurl him into a pile of crates nearby.

After a long moment, Gobber was able to get up but he was in terrible pain. He realized that some of his ribs were broken and some of the pieces of sharp wood was stuck in his legs and arms.

Stoic felt such tremendous guilt that he rushed over to aid Gobber but he was shoved away by the limping Viking.

"Gobber please..."

"Go to hell Stoic" he shouted and he limped away to get bandaged up by one of the healers.

No one said anything for several minutes until finally everyone got back to work and Stoic walked towards his house.

#

"Try again Hiccup" said the elder dragon.

Hiccup had been practicing this one spell all day and still had trouble.

For the last few months, he had been taught the basics of how to access one's magic but now for the first time he has to learn to apply it to a real spell.

He spent hours meditating and concentrating on his flow of magic within him, but he still had trouble using the words of the spell along with that flow.

"...Maybe I'm not applying enough magic?"

The dragon shook it's head, "No, you are doing everything correctly...try to imagine the spell in your mind and what it does. Keep your thoughts clear of distractions and breath evenly."

Hiccup did as he was told and felt something deep in his chest and then suddenly emerge as if his magic was like an arrow that was just

fired from its bow.

Around them, fire appeared and danced around them. Shapes of creature and humans...they saw dragons and humans battling one another, then suddenly a being in dark smoke was coming towards Hiccup. Its arms reached out, almost like it was trying to grab him.

But just before the being touched him, the fire disappeared and the spell ended.

"I understand now...that was a vision spell you had me try. No wonder I had such trouble, it's a complicated spell to invoke visions..this was a vision of the past?"

The dragon shrugged, "Hard to say, the magic of foresight is rather unusually and not accurate in the grand scheme of time and space. That vision could have been the last but it could also be the future."

Hiccup hopped it wasn't the future, the figure still sent chills down his spine.

"Still, you have done wonderfully. I knew you had the capabilities for more harder spells. I believe we should eat and rest now, we have done enough practice for one day and dusk is near."

The dragon went into the cave to fetch some food, but Hiccup stayed outside for a moment.

He finally learned a spell, now the doors of magic are wide open to him and he can't wait to learn more...and yet he still wondered about Berk.

How was Gobber and his father? Had there been any dragon raids since he left?

He wondered if he should send a message somehow to tell everyone he was alive and well.

"Hiccup, supper is ready...come in before it gets cold."

He decided not to think too into it now, he had a big day tomorrow and a lot to learn.

#

The figure in shadows had waited long enough...yet he had another trick up his sleeve.

Humans...all humans had weaknesses. One of which was their dreams.

With a wave of his hand, his body melted into the darkness and he traveled far and wide...passed the village and several islands of dragons and humans.

_Until he reached one island that he could not enter. A barrier was blocking him, no matter what he did, the barrier held. The figure cursed loudly...no matter at least this confirmed that the soul he was looking for was here...only a being with that soul could be

strong enough to create a wall this strong._

_Its eyes both red and green stared out through the magical walls and saw a dragon and small boy eating together. _

The figure smiled, showing his deformed teeth. At last...his victory was at hand and so was his ticket to finally taking what was rightfully his...the world of humans and dragons.

PLEASE REVIEW

7. Chapter 7

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Enjoy

Hiccup couldn't sleep one night...he decided to venture outside of the cave for a brief moment for some air and to collect his thoughts as his mentor slept quietly.

It has now been almost three years since he left his village for the island. It was also about one and half years ago that his teacher for some reason decided it was best to move on from the island and return to the dragon's real home, a large yet cozy cave far away from the island that was surrounded by peaceful forests and there were no humans for miles.

It took Hiccup a while but now he had mastered several magical disciplines which included conjuration of elements such as fire and water, the ability of seeing into the future and past, he can now communicate with other dragons as well as any creature, and finally...his body had begun to change.

Now he had a pair of large simmering onyx-colored wings and his eyes had a yellowish tint to them. His sight was sharper and more clear than ever before and his senses were so focused so he could sense anything being that was nearby. His skin felt like it was harden steel like a blade of one of the swords he used to forge with Gobber. He felt stronger, the other day he smashed a small boulder to dust with his bare hands.

His mentor explained that as his magic grows, his body will become more like the soul that originally had that power.

Despite the feeling of absolute power that flowed through his veins, he felt fearful as his body continued to change until his human form would be completely lost.

His mentor said not to worry...but he couldn't help but feel paranoid about it.

As he stood outside of the cave, the cool night air calmed him a bit.

He wondered about the village and the people he once knew and tried to impress. As time had passed with his mentor the memory of their faces had begun to slip away.

Few memories remained, only Gobber and the elder stood out the most. His father...he thought of him sometimes...but now his face is starting to blur. He couldn't understand why these memories were fading so fast...even his mother...wait...he couldn't remember...what was her face...her smile is only a glimmer in his mind.

He stood there for a long time trying to remember details, yet for whatever reason it was almost gone, why that makes no sense. She was his mother for the gods' sake.

Hiccup sighed and decided to sleep on it since he would find no answers by worrying about it.

As he returned to his little bed he created himself, he failed to notice that his mentor was wide awake and looked particularly angry.

#####

As the sun rose, Hiccup rose to hunt down his breakfast as his mentor went to get his own. After an hour or so they returned and ate in silence.

Hiccup couldn't help but notice his mentor's rather unusual behavior. The dragon would usually be talking to him about the lesson of the day as well as some history behind the magic in the lesson.

But the dragon was completely silent.

"Teacher...is something wrong?"

The dragon lifted its head and stared at Hiccup with cold eyes.

"Today I would like to use a spell to see into the past."

"But I already completed-"

"This is not a request Hiccup, I am telling you to use the spell, NOW."

Hiccup froze for a second, what had made his mentor so angry?

"Alright...what spell?"

"Use one to see the past of the village of Berk, an astral projection spell...go back around when you were 9 to 10 years of age."

Hiccup felt growing dread as he did as he was commanded.

The world turned and twisted around them as they felt their bodies spin and sway like they were being tossed around in a small boat in the middle of terrible storm out at sea.

Suddenly, Hiccup found himself at a familiar sight, his home.

_The dragon was next to him and it pointed his large claw towards the younger version of Hiccup who was eavesdropping on his father and

some villagers, even Gobber. _

"He may be a fine bowman and smithy...but he isn't a warrior or a chief. He can't even swing an axe" said a villager.

"Please, I know he isn't what we have hoped but if we train him harder-."

"I have been training him harder, yet he is completely useless in battle. Every single trainee, even younger than him have bested him in sparring" said Gobber.

Hiccup gasped as his younger self started to sob quietly. How could he have forgotten that even the person he trusted and loved most as a father-figure also betrayed him and saw him as a waste just like all the others did, even his own father.

Stoic sighed, "I'll think of something...just leave me be..."

His father walked off and Hiccup and the dragon followed him to the house Hiccup once lived in.

Inside the house, his father sat at the large table and sighed, "Why couldn't I have a warrior for a son..."

At that moment Hiccup had seen enough.

As the visions of the past faded, Hiccup had tears in his eyes.

The dragon approached him and sat next to him. Hiccup looked up and looked miserable as he wept.

"Please don't shed tears Hiccup..."

The dragon gently picked up Hiccup and carried him into the cave and had him rest on his tail to calm him until he was able to talk.

"Hiccup, last night I saw your thoughts. Do you remember what I told you years ago. To forgot about those humans? Well this is why! They judge you, talk behind your back and still continue to betray you. That one called Gobber, who you still hold dear to your heart, is just as guilty."

Hiccup couldn't stop weeping, he felt himself breakdown as all the pain he suffered through, when he lived at the village came back in one terrible swoop. The taunts, bullying, hateful stares, coldness from the villagers and the disdain from his father only made him want to disappear.

He would have done anything to be accepted when he was younger and for a while when he was an archer. He longed for the same look of pride and love from his home that made him feel so happy and full of hope. But it was only short lived.

The dragon rested its head near the crying teen, "Please don't weep, no magic can change the past or make your people love you...but it can open a future for you beyond what humans can achieve. Despite looking human, you're a dragon through and through. When your training is complete I'm going to take you to join a clan of

dragons...a new home."

"...you mean that" whispered Hiccup.

"Of course, your my pupil and I don't care whether you can swing a large axe or man-made weapon. You're so much more and you should be praised."

The dragon wiped away Hiccup's tears with its claws. "Now come, we have much to do today and later lets go flying."

Hiccup smiled and felt such joy, he loved to fly. He never felt so free since he got wings.

Maybe becoming a dragon wouldn't be so bad.

As they left the cave, Hiccup decided to forget the pain and forgot the village.

The memories would only grow more faint from this point forward.

Soon, there would be nothing to remember.

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8. Chapter 8

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Enjoy

What do you say to a man, a seasoned warrior even, that has nearly lost everything? There isn't too much to say or feel.

Pity maybe, shame...regret for things that were never said or done.

Stoic, a man that was once on top of the world with a mighty clan of Vikings...was now completely alone.

As he lay on the ground heaving in air, his body was broken and he could no longer move.

Around him, lay his people; nothing but burnt ashes sweeping all around him. The smell of brimstone, burning wood with blood and flesh was overpowering.

Splintered shields, smashed swords and shattered spears all littered the rocky ground around him.

Yet, the thing that shocked him the most was seeing Hiccup, still alive after many years of thinking his only son was killed by the dragon he had sent him to see when he was thirteen.

Yet the Hiccup he remembered was only a shadow of what his son was.

As he took in his final breaths, he thought of Hiccup, he thought of his brother and his late wife. He closed his eyes as the ashes danced and moved over him.

#

****Several months earlier****

Hiccup's darkened eyes looked towards the skies as he saw his dragon brothers and sisters move through the air.

He had joined this clan a few years ago after completing his training with his teacher. It was not too long after that he was brought here, to an island full of dragons.

As for himself, he was nearly eighteen now and his body had changed greatly. Most of his hair was gone and replaced with dark scales, his eyes were midnight black with only a little yellow to them and some of his teeth fell out and were replaced by strong fang-like canines. He also had a long dragon tail as well.

At first living with so many dragons was tense, since a lot of them are of course apprehensive to humans. Yet it didn't take long for them to warm up to Hiccup because they soon realized that he wasn't like the other humans.

His mentor had trained Hiccup well in speaking and understanding the dragon tongue so he had no problem with communication which astounded the dragon clan.

Eventually he found his place among them, some still were edgy around him, but they became more and more at ease as the year passed.

Now Hiccup was sitting on the rocky ledge of one of the many caves on the island that he shared with his mentor.

It was as if this way of life and this family was made for him.

Yet, there were still times when Hiccup couldn't sleep, he would have faint memories of his life among the Vikings. He remembered an annoying girl, a man without a hand, and another figure who he felt deep hatred for whatever reason and finally a woman who came to him in dreams like an goddess that beckoned to him, not in a lover's way but like a mother...

A mother...a human mother...

Still, these were only lost whispers of a life he left behind, nothing more.

As he watched his family dance in the sky, his mentor sat next to him.

"It's beautiful here isn't it?"

"Yes it is, more than I could ever imagine" Hiccup said grinning.

They sat and enjoyed the sights as the sun began to set in the distance.

Suddenly, a dragon flew towards the dancing dragons, snarling and shouting.

_"The Red one calls an audience!" _

The dragons roared and began flying in the direction of where the new dragon came from.

"Who is the red one?"

His mentor looked at the clan that started to leave the cliffs in dozens.

"Stay in the caves Hiccup, I will be back in a few days, hunt for your food as usually and watch over the territory, some dragons will stay behind to guard the young, but you're on your own. Stay safe."

With that said, his mentor left the cave in flash, leaving Hiccup to fend for himself.

#

Some never though after so long, that _her _kind have still remained after so many centuries. She is a dragon beyond all measure, a beast some say; a monster of the sky others say...but to the dragons...

She was their queen.

After about two to three days of travel, the Elder and his clan arrived at the great cave of their queen, Red as many call them.

The Elder dragon flew down into the mouth of the large cave that lead to a space that just barely housed the queen herself.

She was a terrifying sight to behold.

He eventually perched himself next to the rest of the clan he was with and saw dragons form far and wide come to see what the queen had to say.

_"For too long...for much too long, the humans have taken our food and taken our kin. Now it is time to strike back. Only a few nights ago, the Viking tribe not to far beyond this very cave, have attacked another clan, a clan of helpless young ones _and_ new mothers, without provocation. Slaughtering all of the young and mothers, Yet from what I hear now, is that you run away then fight back. Are we not stronger, faster and much more deadly than those pompous humans with their weapons and armor? We will take back our place as rulers of this land, starting with the village that killed that clan I speak of is the one called...Berk."_

As the dragons roared and cheered, the Elder was stunned silent. Hiccup's village.

While he had no problem destroying it himself, after what they had done to his pupil, how will Hiccup react.

How can he face his demons again?

#

"Oh boy, I am eating good tonight"

Hiccup flew through the night skies and managed to catch a nice, plump deer for dinner. He rested on a boulder not too far from his cave and rested for a moment. He wondered about the Red dragon and why all the dragons left. He asked some of the mothers of the clan and they said she was their queen and it must be of great importance to call for an audience.

As he sat and pondered, a rustle came from the trees and shrubs nearby and a figure appeared from the shadows.

Hiccup looked up and saw the strange figure, "Your Hiccup I presume?"

Hiccup narrowed his eyes, "Yes."

The figure's red and green eyes glowed, "Then allow me to introduce myself..."

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End
file.